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THE BELOVED TYRANT.

A Comedy Drama

In Serial Form

By

Hannah Levinsohn.

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Characters:

Emil Schultz.

Joe His son.

Louise

Betty

Tessie His married daughter.

Jim Betty's fiance.

Episode I.

Joe Holy smoke! I never can find anything around this gosh blamed house.

Betty You said it, kid. Everything's put away so good.--- I'm looking for my goloshes for the last half hour, and I have'nt found 'em yet.---(She calls loudly)---Hey, Louise, did you see my goloshes anywhere?

Louise (From other room)--- Yes, I did.

Betty (Shouts again)-- Where?

Louise (Coming in from thr other room)-- You go and look for them. Maybe that'll teach you to put things where you can find them. I'm sick and tired of cleaning up after both o' you.

Joe Right you are, Louise.-- Did you see my hat?

Louise Sure. Her goloshes and your hat's in the same place. Now go and look for them.---(She calls after him)--And say, Joe, go get your father home. His foot is awfully bad to-day.

Joe How can I go without my hat?

Louise Many's the time you went a lot ~~xxx~~ further then around the corner without your hat. (She shouts)-- And stop into the drug store and get his medicine. And don't come back and tell me you forgot it.

Betty Gee, it's raining cats and dogs. I can't go out without my goloshes.

Louise Is it raining?

Betty I'll say is it. Take a look.

Louise And I sent the kid out without his hat.--(She calls loudly as she rushes out)---Joe, hey, Joe!--(She calls back to Betty)-- Holler out of the window, Betty. Tell him to wait. I'll get his

hat.---(Window is heard opening)

Betty (Calls) Hey, Joe, wait a minute, wait. Here comes your hat.

Louise (Calls out of window) Here, kid, here's your hat. Gee, it will get all wet. Wait a minute. Stand under the awning. Have'nt you got sense enough to get out of the rain? Give me a paper bag, Betty. Hurry up; there's one on the kitchen table. Well, are you coming? A snail's got nothing on you.

Betty Here, here's the bag.

Louise (Shouts) Here, Joe, catch it.--Yes, Your father's got an umbrella in the store. Well, if it isn't him limping along *there* without an umbrella. He's soaking wet.--(She shouts)-- Joe, Joe, don't you see your father over there? Run quick and get him. (She bangs the window shut)-- Of all the idiots! Betty, go get a couple of blankets and put them on the radiator. Take Joe's. They're not so clean. I wonder if the radiator is hot.

Betty Here, Louise, I'll say these blankets ai'nt clean. I'll bet he's been walking on them.

Louise You'll win that bet. The other night the chain got twisted around the chandelier. You need'nt think he took the trouble to get a chair to stand on, and he didn't take his shoes off either.

Betty It's your fault, Louise, You spoiled him.

Louise And who spoiled you?

Betty Well,--I don't----

Louise There's Pop coming in. Put the arm chair over by the radiator (Door opens and closes)

Joe I thought you said there's an umbrella in the store.

Louise Well, there is. I saw it there myself only this morning.--

Help him off with his coat, ^{Joe} Lord, it is dripping wet. Sit down in that chair, Pop. Give me the blankets, Betty.

Betty Here.

Joe Why did you let Gus take your umbrella?

Louise Joe. You know your father. Gus didn't take the umbrella. He gave it to him.

Pop Sure I did. How he could go in such a vedder mitout a umbrella?

Joe But you could go without. Here's your slippers.

Louise Take off his shoes. You can bend down better than he can.

Joe When I see Gus I'll tell him where he gets off. The gall of him taking your umbrella, and you coming home in the rain without one.

Pop He got six blocks to walk. I got only a block und a helf.

Joe But you couldn't figure out, with that gampy leg of yours, it takes you longer to walk a block and a half than it takes him to walk ten.

Pop If I go in der college like you I could figure out like you.

Joe You can figure all right when it comes to handing out money.

Pop If I don' figure---you couldn't go in der college.

Joe (Sarcastically) That would be just too bad. I wish you-----

Louise (Interrupts) Joe, you going to start that up again?

Joe Gee, ^{Joe} ~~you~~, it gets my goat when he talks like that, as if he was doing me a favor to let me go to college. You know I'd rather----

Louise Yes, I know; but, for Heaven's sake, didn't we have enough of that argument last night? Didn't you promise you're going to go through with it, you're gonner study hard?

Joe Well, I intend to keep my promise, but if I had my way--well, Pop's got his heart set on having a doctor in the family---gee,

it's tough to be the only son ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~.

Pop Tough? Ha, I tink to be a fader from ^{or} son ~~XXX~~ ^{like} you is yet tougher.

Betty (Interrupts) Louise, tell me whewe you put at hat, will you?

Pop For vat you need a hat?

Joe Now, what do you think she'd need a hat for, to put in a pot and make soup ^{out} of? ~~it?~~

Pop Did I spoke to you or to Betty?

Betty Well, he's not so far from wrong. What does anybody want a hat for? To go out with, of course.

Pop Is dot so? How many hats you got, Betty?

Betty Oh, I have'nt got too many, you know that.

Pop Vell, I know you got a couple, maybe tree, maybe four; only if you got ten you don' go out in dis vedder neider.

Betty But I got to go, Papa. I made a date with--er-- with--er---a girl friend.

Pop A girl friend? Der girl friends vears pants, eh? ~~sa~~ ^{si} you tell a lie, ha?

Louise She don't want to tell you a lie, Papa. You force it from her.

Betty You said it, Louise. It's the arguments I--I try to avoid. He forgets, no, he don't forget, he just don't want to remember-- I'm nearly twenty years old--I've got some right to some little opinions of my own.

Louise She has, Papa. It's time you begin to understand that.

Pop (Angrily) Donner vetter, vat's dis here, a school? En I am der ~~people~~ maybe?

Joe Well, you're not much of a teacher, that's a cinch.

- Pop No? Vell, I'n gonner teach you someting right now. Betty don' go out from here to-night. Louisa, look on her! Der face is vite mit red spots on der cheek like der clowns in Barnum's circus.--Der lips is red--looks like she vas bleeding from der mout',--en der feller vat she wants to meet him, he's Mr Fensterbau's boarder.-- See, Louisa, I teach you someting. You don't know dat, only I know, because I am a Papa.
- Louise Betty, is that the fellow?
- Betty He's all right, Lou. Just because he's a good looking fellow and dresses nice-----
- Pop Und he don' have no jobs.
- Betty He ain't the fellow without a job these days.
- Pop He's der only feller vat can live by a poor vidder voman six monts mitout he should give even von penny rent,--en den he takes out a girl yet for a good time.
- Betty Mrs Fensterblau would be glad if he'd take out her Harriet.
- Pop I would be glad too,--den you would'nt go mit him no more.
(He sneezes twice)
- Louise You've got a cold Pop. You better go to bed.
- Joe Yes, Pop, you better. The cold might settle in your chest.
- Pop Noting settles on my chest, only on my heart it settles,--from y you en from Betty. Louisa? Ach Gott! If only you en Betty vas half so good, a tent' so good---(A sigh)-- I could sleep bedder in der night time.
- Louise The kids are'nt bad, Papa. It's just that their--well, they're the boy and girl of to-day. Perhaps I--if I had----I know, when I was a kid you could'nt possibly send me to school and to college like you did Tessie and Joe and Betty; but don't you see, it's

the school that does it. They're taught to be independent and self reliant.

Pop (Sarcastically) Is dat so? Der child should go to der school, und der Papa should work all day--en lots of times in der night too--so he could pay for everyting vat der child he needs it. Den der child is independent en self--er--vat you said, en der fader he's--should I tell you vat he would be , if he would let der children be vat you say?---He would be a--a check ass (In determined tone)---He would be two check asses.

Joe It's no use, Sis, it won't penetrate.

Louise Hey, there, careful what you say. It's your father you're talking to, not one of your Frat members.

Pop Dat's vat spoils him. Der Fret en you, Louisa.

Joe Now you'll get it. It's your turn, Louise.

Pop She don' get noting nwer --not someting good like you always got--en bad?--She don' deserve noting bad, only I say she apoil you en Betty, Since your Mama die she is to you so good--so--so like it would be her fault dat God took your Mama away.

Louise You know, Papa, I promised Mama I'd do everything I can for my sisters and brother--and I am doing it. That's all.

Pop (Repeats) Dat's all, dat's all. Look! Louisa, Betty's got on der hat.

Louise Betty, dear, don't go out to-night. Maybe--maybe---

Betty He's standing out in the rain waiting for me. He'll get soaking wet.

Pop Who cares if he gets drowned?

Betty I care, I care a lot.

Pop Oh, so you care a lot, ha? Vell, den I sit on a chair by der door a whole night long. You don' go out from dis house--not

to-night.----- (Auto horn is heard)

Joe That's Harry.

Louise Don't open that window. Pop's got a cold.

Joe Will you please go in the other room a minute, Pop. I gotta talk to Harry.----- (Horn is heard again)

Louise Go on, Pop. The kid's tooting his horn. I suppose he wants to tell him something.

Pop He don' gotta toot. Vy he don' come op?

Louise All right. You go inside; he'll tell him to come up.

Joe (Opens the window) Come on up, Harry. --Ah, come ~~shh~~ on. It won't take me five minutes. I just gotta put on a tie and get my hair slicked.

Pop (Heard from other room) You don' go out in dis vedder, you hear me, Choe?

Joe (To Harry, from window) Ah, come on, Harry, be a sport. Come on and help me out.--No, I tell you, he won't. I told you in school I'd have a hard time getting out.

Pop (Calls in) Not hard, en not soft---You don' go out to-night--mit a car yet in such vedder. Like his friend Chimmy Morgan, he vent out too in der rain. So der car vent in yon hospital en he in der odder. No, you don' go.

Joe Gee, Pop, we made this date a week ago. You know the fellow I had here for dinner last Monday?

Pop Not for dinner. For sopper he vas here.

Joe All right. For supper. Well, it's to his house we're going. We are invited for dinner--I mean for supper.

Pop (Calls in) You don' go, not mit der car.

Joe (Calls back) Then suppose we go without the car?

Louise (Calls to Father) Oh, let him go, Papa.

Pop (Calls in again) Not mit der car.

Louise Close the window, Joe. You're chilling out the room.

Joe (Calls out of window) I'll be down in a jiffy, kid. (Closes window)

Pop (Coming into room) ~~Choeey~~, Choeey, not mit der car.

Joe All right, Pop. We won't take the car. We'll take her back to the garage.--Where's my tie? Did you see it, Louise?

Louise There, on the back of the chair, right in front of your nose. You put it there yourself.

Joe Oh, ~~yes~~. Does it go all right with this shirt, Sis?

Louise ^{yes fine} Hurry up and get out before----

Betty Gee, I wish I was a boy.

Pop Dat vat I vish too, Betty. Den I would'nt have so much gray hair yet.

Joe Good bye, bunch.

Pop Good bye, Don't come home late.

Louise Bye, kid, have a good time.

Joe Thanks, Louise. You're a peach. Give us a kiss.--(A kiss)

Pop To kiss Papa you're too big now, ha?

Joe I'll never be too big or too old to kiss you, Pop.--(A kiss)

Pop Remember, don't come home late now.

Joe I won't, Pop.

Pop (Calls after him) Oh, Choeey, Choeey!

Joe (Calls back) Yes, Pop?

Pop You did der lessons?

Joe I'll do 'em in the morning, Pop. I'll get up early.

Pop (Shouts) Donner und Blitzen---Louisa, der lessons, he did'nt do 'em.--Choeey, come beck hwe. You hear, Choeey?

Joe (Calls back) Good bye, Pop.

Pop

(Shouts) Dat's your fault, Louisa--your fault--if not you--
Wait, from now on I'm going to be der boss in my house. You hear,
Louisa? I'll be der boss.

Episode II.

About two o'clock in the morning after Episode I.

Louise and Betty are in bed in the same room.

Betty (Whispers) Louise, Lou, are you sleeping?

Louise No. Why are'nt you sleeping?

Betty Do you know Joe is'nt home yet?

Louise Yes, I know.

Betty Maybe something happened.

Louise They did'nt take the car.

Betty Maybe they did'nt and maybe they did.

Louise What makes you say that? Joe don't tell lies very often.

Betty Neither do I--very often---but--there's times when---gee, Lou, we gotta tell Pop a lie now and then. You know that.

Louise Yes. I know, and I'm thinking they took the car.---(She takes a deep breath)---If I was only sure they did'nt I'd--well, I would'nt worry so very much then.

Betty Neither would I. If we could only---say, I know the garage where they keep the car.

Louise Do you know the number?

Betty We can look it up in the 'phone book. I'll sneak in and get it.

Louise Careful, kid. Walk on your tippy toes. (She calls in a whisper) Here, put on your slippers.

Betty (Whispers back) It's all right. I'm on the carpet.

Louise (Commanding) Come back here and put on your slippers.

Betty Oh, allright all right.

Louise (Whispers) Look on top of the book case. I think I saw the phone book there.

Betty I got it.

Louise What's the name of the garage?

Betty Fred Meyers. It's on Ninety third Street near Eighth Ave.

I've been there lots of times with Joe and Harry.

Louise (Whispers) Fred Meyers--Meyers--Meyers--(Turns pages)--Here's the Meyers. Now let's see---

Betty Here it is. Fred Meyers, garage,--Riverside 2--1070.

Louise Go see if Pop's door is shut tight.--(Repeats number) River2-1070

Betty It's all right. The door's shut.

Louise What's that number again? Oh, yes, River 2--1070. I'll ring.

Betty No. I'll ring. I know the foreman.

Louise All right. Go ahead. Talk as low as you can.

Betty Give me Riverside 2--1070. Yes--yes. I said Riverside2--1070. Yes.

Hello! Meyers garage? Let me talk to Jimmie, will you? Yes, yes, all right, I'll hold the wire. Tell him to hurry, will you?

Louise You don't happen to know where that friend of his lives?

Betty You mean where they went to dinner?

Louise Yes.

Betty No, I don't. We were dumb not to ask before he went--but then--

Oh, hello, that you Jimmy? This is Betty, Betty Schultz. Yes.

Joe Schultz's sister.--Listen, Jimmy, Is Harry's car in the garage

It is'nt? When did he take it out, do you know?--And he didn't

bring it back?--You sure? Well, I'll tell you. We're worried. It's

a skiddy night, and---Yes, I know, --but he never stayed out so

late without ringing up.--All right. Thanks. Good bye.--Pop! What are you doing out here?

Pop You taught maybe I was sleeping? I was listening vat you say.

Day went mit der car, ha?

Louise (Stammers) N--no--they--they did'nt.

Pop Did'nt I chust hear Betty say he did'nt bring back der car? En ennyhow, ven I don' hear notig I chust getter look on your vite

faces--you on Betty.

Louise Come to thing of it, Betty, we're fools. Both kids carry identification cards. If anything was wrong, we have a phone, we'd hear of it five minutes after it happened.

Pop She's got right, Betty.--You remember ven your poor Mama got dat exident in der taxi? She got a letter in der pocket book from her sister. May seen der address en right away dey ring me op.

Louise That's right. If anything happened we'd hear it quick enough. I suppose he's just having a good time, forgetting to look at his watch.

Pop Vell, he getter hav a Hell of a good time to-night to make op for all der good times vat he ain't gonner hev no more.

Louise Go to bed, Papa. You've got such a cold. Come on, I'll put an extra blanket on you, and I'll tuck you in good, so you'll get warmed up. -----(Phone rings)--

Pop Oh, mine Gott! Sometings heppened mit him.

Betty (Nervous) Hello, --hello--What?---Who?---No.

Pop (Desparately) Betty, Betty, vat it is?

Betty I can't hear, Pop. Will you be quiet a minute.--Now, who are you, and what do you want?--What? What number do you want?--Say tell that operator to drink a pot of black coffee, she needs it to keep her awake.--Ring off. You've got the wrong number.

Louise Can you beat that? This hour of the night a wrong number.

Pop (Drawing a sigh of relief) Tenk God it vas a wrong number. I go beck to bed. I'm so cold---wait a minute--you hear someting?

Louise Yes. Sme one is running up--no, --it's down stairs. I just heard the door close.

Louise v(Gently) Come on- Pop. I'll get you another blanket--and how about a cup of hot tea? It'll warm you up good.

Pop No, no, Liebehchen. You go sleep.

Louise Will you promise to go to sleep?

Pop Sure, sure. I'll sleep. It's no use ven I don' sleep.

Louise That's the right spirit, Pop. It won't bring him home any sooner whether we sleep or not.

Betty (Yawns) I'm so tired and sleepy.

Pop So go to sleep, Liebehchen.--Ven he comes home I tell you.

Louise I thought you said you're going to sleep?

Pop ((Stammers) Vell, vell, you know I don' right er vay so quick fall to sleep like you en Betty. Maybe--maybe I don' hear him,--so you'l tell me, ha?

Louise All right, Papa.--Try and go to sleep.

Pop (As he leaves room) I'll try--I'll try.

Betty (Whispers) Are you kidding yourself along, or are you kidding Pop and me?

Louise (Nervously) Well, I--I--

Betty Yes, I can see. You feel the same as I do about it. Something might have happened on a lonely highway.

Louise Highway? What would they be doing on a highway?

Betty Jerry lives way out in New Jersey some place--but I don't know the address.--Say, you, something just struck me. I remember Jerry saying he did'nt live so far from Tessie. --Maybe they stopped off there, and Tess seeing it is skiddy weather---maybe she ^{is} keeping them over night.

Louise Your sister keeping the two boys over night and maybe have to give them breakfast in the morning? Don't make me laugh.

Betty Well, anyway I'm going to ring Tess up.

Louise Papa will hear you, then he'll know we're worried.

Betty That's so too---but what are we going to do? I'm going "nuts".

Louise (Snivels) It's all my fault. I should have sided in with Papa. I can see now he is right in a lot of things----

(A cuckoo clock tells "four".

Betty Gee, if Pop did fall asleep I'll bet that darned thing woke him. The neighbors ought to complain about that.--Here's Pop now. I hear him coming in again.

Louise Pop, you didn't stop to put your bath robe on.

Pop (Excitedly) I--I--I thought it--I thought it's only two o'clock.

Louise That's all it is.

Pop You--you don't hear dat clock? It cuckooed four times.

Louise I know. It's Mrs Brown's electric clock. It's out of order. Joe tried to fix it for her, but I guess she'll have to get a better mechanic than he is.

Pop He's again monkeying around mit der 'lectrics.--I betcha you chust tell me dat because---

Louise No, honest, Pop. My watch is laying on the bureau there; look at it.

Pop (Relieved) Yes, it's a little after two o'clock. Well, Louise, who was right en who was wrong---

Betty Here he is now.

Pop Yah, dat's him. I know him by der running.

Louise He's running up stairs. He's in such a hurry he's running wild.

Pop Maybe he's a little bit drunk yet too.

Louise I'll run out in the hall and see what---

Betty Now, don't raise a rumpus when he comes in.

Pop I don't raise no rumpus. I chust gonner raise my stick a couple o' times.

Louise (Closing door) It was Mrs Trunnels brother.

Pop Men--den--it--it gotta to be someting heppened. I don' wait no more. I'm gonner ring op der police station.

Betty Don't, Papa. If they knew anything, they'd ring us.

Pop (Shouts) Don' tell me vat I should do. (Going to phone)--Nobody no more is gonner tell me vat I should do.--Hello. Yes. Operator please, I want you should gif me quick der police station.house.

Louise Not the station house, Police head quarters.

Pop Yes, dat' aright.--Operator. Not der Station house. Headquarters I want. Yes. Police headquarters. Make it hurry op-please.

Betty Let me talk, Papa. You're so excited.

Pop You stay in der bed--You ketch cold.--Hello, hello, yes. I want you should help me, please. My--my Choe he ain't home yet.--No, he dn' never do dat mitout he don' ring op. No, he don' go mit no girl. He vent mit a boy friend from his college.--Yes, Ihu der friends car he vent.--Vat? What Oh, vat kind o' car? I--I--don' know.

Betty A Buick, Papa.

Pop My Betty says she's a Buick car---Vat you leff? If your boy don' be home after two o'clock in der morning I betcha you don' leff. Sure I'm right.--My tel phone number? Yes. Atwater 2--~~5431~~. Yes. How he look? Vell he's a fine lookin' feller--Vat? Oh, he's got big blue eyes en vite skin like a girl--yes, a blond. Golden hair he got. Sure he's a fine lookin' feller, der finest vat you ever saw.--How big? Vell, he's bigger'n me.--Louisa, how big you tink I am?

Betty Joe is five feet eleven, Pop.

Pop (Talking in phone) My Betty say Choe is fife foot eleven. Yes, his name is Choseph Schultz. Yes. Schultz. Please, Mr Captain,

help me find my boy. I--I--(A sob in his voice)--You gotta help me, you gotta find him for me. I'm his Papa en his Mama too. No. Five year already he don' hev no Mama--(A sob)--Please, Mr Captain. You gonner ring me ride away so soon like you hear something. Tank you, tank you, Mr Captain.--Say, wait a minute, don' heng op me yet. I vanna tell you I got a vatch store--If you find me my Choe I fix you your vatch en your clocks so long wie I liff and I don' charge you not even von penny.--Sure.--Yes. Yes. Good bye.

Louise Now will you go to bed, Papa?

Pop Yes. I gotta go to bed. My foot hurts me so bad.--I gotta open der store in der morning.---(As he leaves room)--Don' close der door.--I should hear if der telephone rings.

Louise All right, Papa, we won't close it.-----

Louise Cover up good now, Betty. It's awfully cold in here.

Betty I'm chilled to the bone; but it isn't the cold that's doing it. I'm scared stiff, Louise. Joe never did anything like this before.--(She sniffles)--

Louise Don't cry, Betty. Maybe--maybe he thinks we're all sound asleep, and he'll sneak in without us knowing.

Betty Where you going, Lou?

Louise I'm just going to look out of the window.

Betty Here, put on my kimono, it's warmer than yours. Go easy so Pop don't hear you.-----

Louise (Calls softly) Betty, he's coming. I see him down the street. Cover up good now and go to sleep. I'll run in and tell Pop.

Betty Oh, gee, what a relief.

Louise Papa, Joe's coming.

Pop How you know?

Louise I just looked out of the window.--Now, don't come in. Your foot's

so bad and you're chilled through.--I'll tell him a few things, and you can tell him the rest to-morrow.

Pop (A sigh of relief) I kent--I kent get op. Even ven I want it I kent get op. Ven I get op in der morning--vell, you ken be sure he don' never come home after two o'clock no more.

Louise All right. Now cover up good, so you'll get warmed up.

Pop (Calls after Lou) You tell him he's gonner get--on den you go right to bed.

Louise All right, Papa. ---Here he is now.----(Door opens and closes)--So, you're here at last.--Well, what have you ^{got} to say for yourself? No, don't. I'd rather you wouldn't say a word. There's nothing you can say that would vindicate you, and I'd only hate you all the more if you tried to. Gee, you look like a whipped dog, but you're not even as good as a dog.--A dog appreciates what's been done for him, you don't. Go on, get into your room.--It's hard for me to look at you without---- go on, into your room. You'll get yours in the morning.

Betty (Calls in a whisper) Lou, the neighbors will hear you.

Louise I can't help it. I had to get a little bit off my chest.---Pop I thought you said you couldn't get up?

Pop Ver is he?

Louise He's in his room.--For Heaven's sake, Papa, you'll never be able to open the store in the morning. Go back to bed.

Pop I gotta know ver he was till now.

Louise You'll know in the morning.--He's home now--that's all you wanted, and Betty and I need some sleep. ---Will you please go back to bed?

Pop First I gotta know.

Louise For Heaven's sake, what's the difference.

- Pop Der difference is I would'nt be able to sleep till I know.--
Go vay from der door. I vanna go in to him.
- Louise No, Papa I won't let you go in.
- Pop Vat you mean: you don' let me? Who's der boss here? Go vay from
der door, you hear me, Louisa?--Louisa, I don' never hit you---
I don' vanna hit you---I--I gotta go in der.
- Betty (Calls out) Pop, you're waking up all the neighbors.
- Pop (Shouts) Du halts moul.---Louisa you hear me. Come away from
dat door.
- Louise Pop, it won't do you any good to go in there.
- Pop (In trembling tone) Vi, vat's der medder? Is he hurted or is he
maybe drunk?
- Louise No, --but--but he--is'nt in there.
- Pop He ain't in der? Ver is he?
- Louise He did'nt come home.
- Pop You oder me must be crazy. I heard mit mine own ears you vas
ebust speaking mit him.
- Louise I tried to make you and Betty believe he came---but he did'nt!
- Pop He--he--did'nt--come--home?
- Betty (Running into room) He is'nt here? Oh, Louise, what are we
gonner do?
- Pop (A sob) CHEY--my Cheey. Someting heppened mit my Cheey. (In sobbing
tone) Oh, Gott in Himmel, send me home my Cheey. My boy. My boy.
I vant my boy.

Episode III.

Louise (Calls) Joe, Joe, will you get up?

Joe (From other room, yawns) Gee, I'm so sleepy I can't open my eyes

Louise That's just too bad. You can't have your pie and eat it at the same time.--If you're out till three o'clock in the morning, how can you be up in time for college and not be sleepy?

Joe (Yawns again) I don't have to be in school till 12:30 to-day.

Louise Well, you better get up anyway. Pop's home, he could'nt go to the store. He's got a terrible cold, thanks to you. He was jumping in and out of bed in this ice cold flat till you walked in. Come on, now, get up.

Joe I'm up, I'm up. Where's Betty?

Louise Well, if Pop's home and can't open the store, where do you think Betty would be?

Joe (Coming in) You know, Sis, I don't like Betty to be in that store alone.

Louise No? Why?

Joe I hate to squeal on her, but--well, it can't be helped. --You know, a couple of times when Pop went down to the wholesale house and left Betty in the store, that Jergen fellow--the one you was talking about last night--Mrs Fensterblau's boarder----

Louise Yes--

Joe Well, he hangs around there till he sees Pop coming; then he sneaks out the back way.

Louise How do you know?

Joe I passed the store coming home from school the other day. He was behind the counter talking to her and looking into her eyes like a dying duck.--All of a sudden Pop came along. I turned round to

talk to him a minute. Then we went into the store. I looked around and by jink~~s~~ the b~~u~~ggar was gone. I could'nt make out---Then all of a sudden it struck me; he must have gone out the back way. And Harry told me he saw him there a couple of times too.

Louise If I thought it would do any good, I'd go over and have a talk with that fellow.

Joe You don't know him, Sis. He thinks any girl he takes out should consider it an honor, just because he's a good looker, and wears spats; but I'll tell you what I think might do some good----a couple o' good socks in the jaw, and it's this baby is gonner give it to him.

Louise Oh. I can see we're in for some new trouble. You'll be coming in with a pair of nice black eyes some day.

Joe Is that so? He's a big feller, but he's soft as mush. He ~~never~~ ^{was} never trained a day in his life.

Louise You didn't either.

Joe No? I wouldn't be so sure about that, if I were you.

Louise (Shocked) What? Didn't you promise Pop you wouldn't go in for prize fighting?

Joe Yes, I promised, but--say--don't let that worry you. The important thing just now is to bust up this business with Betty; and the only way it can be dohe is to tell Pop. We can't have that wooden ^{headed} dude hanging around the store with her alone.

Louise (A deep sigh) Between the two of you I'm about ready for the bug house.

Joe Poor Sis, but I'm not so bad, honest I'm not. Just because I came home late one night. It won't happen again, It was just that----

Louise Joe, did you tell Pop the whole truth when you came in?

Joe I--I--didn't tell him a lie.

Louise But you didn't tell him all, did you?

Joe No, just about a half.

Louise The best half, I suppose?

Joe Sure. Do you think I'm a dope?

Louise I don't think, I'm sure. Don't you know, the very thing you try to hide turns up when you least expect it.

Joe I suppose so, but, hush--I hear Pop's coming in.

Louise Quick, grab your books and sit down.

Joe Where are they?

Louise Right there, on the side table.

Joe Oh, yes.

(Louise sings a few notes.)

Joe (In loud voice) Say, I'm trying to study. Can't you manage to sing some other time?

Pop I betcha he don't study yet even an hour--so already he's der boss from der whole house. Vle you don't do der lessons inside, in your room?

Louise It's cold in there Papa.

Pop I don't understand. I der street he runs mitout a het, mitout a coat en ven he comes in he's sweating, he's so warm. An' in der house he wears a voolen lunching robe, so he's cold.--Louisa, maybe vee should put a little snow in der room, en he'll be warm?

Louise You better go back to bed, Papa. I see you're standing there on one foot.

Pop I gotta eat breakfast, no?

Louise You didn't have to get up for that. I'll bring it in on a tray for you.

Pop Dis ain't no X Q V Cafeteria, en I ken walk yet. I'm gonna eat breakfast, en den I go to der store.

Louise You'll do nothing of the sort. Your foot's bad, and you've got a cold too.

Pop Is dat so? An' Betty's gonner stay a whole day in dat store?

Joe Suppose I go over. I can do my lessons in the store.

Pop Here, if Louisa sings a little, dat makes a disturb for you-- en in der store, ven peoples come in en go out, en you gotter chump up en chump down, you ken do der lessons, ha?

Joe But, Pop, Betty should'nt be in that----

Louise (Interrupts) I'll get you your breakfast, Pop; then I'll go over, and Betty can come ^{home}, She can cook the supper.

Joe Suffering cats! Betty gonner cook?

Louise It would'nt be the first supper she cooked, would it?

Joe No. She cooked a supper for us a few weeks ago. I was hoping it would be the last one.

Pop Vell, I----(Phone rings)

Joe Shall I answer?

Louise No. You go ahead with your home work, I'll answer.--Hello! Yes. Oh, Tessie.--Well, he's not so good to-day.--No.--His foot.--Yes,

Pop (Whispers) Tell her -- tell her I'm sick. I got a bad cold too.

Louise Pop, I can't listen to you and to her at the same time.--Tess, did ^{he}red get that job? No? Well, I'm not sorry. A bird in the hand is worth ten in the bush. He knows what he's got in his old job. The new one might have paid a few dollars more; but how do you know how long it would last?--Sure. You know, when it comes to laying off employees, the new ones are the first to go.--Sure I'm right.

Pop (Whispers) Tell her to come over. I'm sick.

Louise (To phone) Hold the wire a minute, Tess.---Pop. A minute ago you were going to the store. Now, you want Tess to come over, so you're sick.

- Pop Vell, ken it hurt you? I--I'm chust a little lonesome for her. I don' see her nearly a whole week already.
- Joe Yes. And five minutes after she's here there'll be a squabble.
- Pop (Shouts) So good you do der lessons you hear evry vord vat vee talking about.
- Louise Oh, nothing, Tess. Just Pop's old way of repremanding Joe.--Yes. No. He feally does^{or} ~~he~~ feel well. You know, when he does'nt go to the store, there's---All right, kid.--Then you'll be over this afternoon? Sure. All right. Good bye.
- Pop I gotter ^{have} shave.
- Louise Why? Because Tess is coming?
- Pop Vell, for teressa I vould'nt care, but maybe Fred'll come along. You know she likes I should look nice ven he's---
- Joe Aw, wha the heck's Fred anyhow? I^o like to stick his head into a bucket of water three times, and take it out only twice.
- Louise She likes him.
- Joe She was always a glutton for punishment.
- Pop (Shouts) Choe, der lessons.
- Joe Don't you see I am doing them.
- Pop Mit ten pair o' eye glesses I could'nt see dat neider.
- Louise Pop, go inside. I'll bring your breakfast. Go in, will you, please?
- Pop Vell, I gotta hev a shave.
- Louise All right, then. Joe will shave you when he's through with his lessons.
- Pop Ven he gets trough mit der lessens. Vat time he got be in der collage
- Louise Twelve thirty.
- Pop Dat's helf pest twelve, ha? So he did'nt hev yet arer bath, I mean dershower, en he gotta shave off der hairs from his face vat he ain't got yet, en den he's gonna she^u-shine der hair mit der

Mooshlege,--Den he'll ~~mtake~~ take out ten shirts, he should be able to pick out von vat he lkkes. Den he's gonna give you der job --you gotta pick out der tie it should metch mit der shirt.

Louise (Laughing) Is that all you can think of?

Pop Wait a minute. Der shoes. I betcha he's gotta get yet a shine. En breakfast. He eat yet der breakfast?

Louise No, not yet.

Pop So, mit der breakfast, en after der breakfast he gotta read a little bit der news paper.--You vill see, Louisa, ve'll hev to make yet a little more time for him he should'nt be late in der shool.--Mitout he should even finish der lessons, so he's gonna give me a shave, ha?

Joe Just for that I'm going to makes ---Well, you can't call your father a liar, can you, Louise?

Pop Sure, you can,--en my stick ken do someting too.

Joe Well, I'll take a chance and say: fabricator.

Pop Dat you ken say, because I don' know vat it is.

Joe Well, it's just this, I'm going to do all that stuff you were just raving about---

Pop (Shouts) Vat's dat kind o' talk to a Papa? Raving? Dogs--dey raving--not Papas.

Joe You're right, Pop. You're right. You win this time; but now you wait and see, I'll ^{do} all that, ands shave you too, and I won't be late to school. That's gonner make you feel almost as big as an ant, won't it?

Pop Cheey, always you should ^{do} vat's right, even if I should feel helf so big like an ant.--(Phone rings)--

Louise I'll answer.--Hello! Yes. Who? Who? Oh, Harry's father. You want to talk to Joe? Yes. He's here. He's buey with his lessons,

but, surely he'll speak to you. Hold the wire a mament.--Here Joe.

Joe Good morning, Mr Trevor. How are you on this bright and sunny morning? Oh! You sound as if you were a little bit out of sorts. Well now----Louise, Pop's foot hurts him badly. Why don't you take him to his room and rub that salve on?---No, no, Mr Trevor, I was talking to my sister. Dad's suffring so with his foot this morning, and he's standing here----

Pop En he's gonna stend chust here. Go on, talk to Mr Trevor.

Joe Yes, Mr Trevor?

Louise (Nervously) Joe's right, Papa. Your foot----

Pop (Shouts) Even mit both feet cut off I would stend here. You tink I'm a fool? I vanna listen.

Joe Yes, Mr Trevor. That's my Dad. He is in pain and he won't lie down.--Yes.--That's right too. --Well, I'll tell you, Mr Trevor. It's ahrdly fair to expect me to tell you when Harry won't. You think heⁿ ~~is~~ shielding me? Well, if he is, he is a fool. --What? The place where we had dinner? That place was as decent as your home or mine.

Pop He tinks maybe you would go to a house vat it ain't decent?

Joe I guess you're right there, Mr Trevor, but, well the truth of it is---we left there before eleven o'clock. A frat member of ours was throwing a party. Harry and I crashed in on it. No, it wasVnt Harry's fault. He did'nt want to go. I talked him into it.--Yes, I suppose I am a good talker.

Pop You hear dat, Louisa?

Joe Well, you need'nt punish Harry for that either. He wanted to leave before twelve, but--but--well, I got into a poker game---

Pop (Shouts) Vat? Pokwr you vas playing?

Joe I--I--was losing more than I could afford--Then I had to try to get some of it back.--Sure, I admit that, Mr Trevor, but if you were Harry you would have done the same thing. You wouldn't go and leave your best friend in a hole like that, would you?--- Sure, I'm his best friend, and he's my best friend.--Oh, is that the way you feel about it? Well, if you think you can separate Harry and me, you got another think coming.--No. Of course I don't believe you.--Harry never said that. He'll never give me up as a friend, not even to please you.

Pop (Shouts) Choe, gimme dat telephone.--(His anger is increasing) Gimme it before I---(Shouts) You hear? Gimme dat telephone.

Louise (~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~) Papa, Mr Trevor hears that over the phone.

Pop (Shouts) I want he should hear it---He's gonna say---Gimme datvphone before I---

Joe (In tone of disgust) Oh, here it is. Go ahead. Make a fool of yourself.

Pop (In tone of intense anger) Hello! Hello, Mr Trevor. Yes. Dat's me. Choey's Papa.---You don' want my Choey should go mit your Harry no more, ha? My Choey is chust so good like your Harry, maybe a damn sight bedder yet.--If your Harry comes around here to see my Choey, I--I--I'll trow him down from all dem stairs.--¹⁰ My Choey, my Choey, ain't good enough to go mit your boy.--I show you. I show you, en him too. Good bye. You don' never ring op dis telephone no more.

Louise That was terrible, Papa.

Pop (Shouts) Sure it's terrible--for me, because I know der man is right.--He's right.--(A gulp as he repeats) Der man is right.

Episode 4.

Louise Joe, will you stop meddling with that lamp? You'll blow out the fuse again.

Joe Aw. Nobody can do anything to please you.--Did'nt you say only this morning you wish you could get the lamp fixed so it would work?

Louise Yes, but if you fix it, it won't work. Whatever you try to fix you take apart, then there's usually eleven parts left over.

Joe Gee, you got a memory, but all for the bad.--Just because I blew out a fuse about six months ago you wouldn't trust me with a toy engine, would you?-- Well, let me tell you something, Sis. It won't take very long before I'll be a finished electrician.

Louise If Pop heard you say that, you'd be finished all right, but not an electrician.---(In tone, as if a thought had just struck her)-- Say, Joe, are you hanging around Saltzheimer's electrical shop again?

Joe (Stammers) Well, er-- not exactly hanging around, but--er-- well, you know how it is. After school I run in once in a while. He's a good skate. You know he never charges me a cent for all the electrical supplies I take out of that store.

Louise All the electrical supplies you take out of the store? What do you need electrical supplies for?

Joe Gosh, Lou---out of all the million questions you could ask me you always pick on one, that can make a lot of trouble for me.

Louise You have'nt answered me, Joe.

Joe I know--I know--but---aw, what's the use? I know you'll find it out sooner or later, so maybe it is better that you know. You can keep away from Pop as long as you can.

Louise (In alarmed tone) For Heaven's sake, what have you done now, Joe?

Joe I have'nt done anything I'd be ashamed of; but of course, you and Pop----

Louise (Excitedly) Joe, don't mince words. Tell me what it is, will you?

Joe Well, I--I've been working in Saltzheimer's store for the last two weeks.

Louise In the store? Doing what?

Joe Job's, of course. Electrical jobs.

Louise (Almost afraid to ask the question) Then--then--you stayed away from college?

Joe (Sadly) Lou, I--I--did'nt think you'd feel so bad about it.

Louise (Trembling with emotion) I--I--don't, that is--not for myself. It's Pop---It'll kill him.---(A sob in her throat)--- Joe, it'll kill him.---Oh, Joe, you promised you'd go through with it.--- Only the other day you promised him you'd study hard.---(Sobs)--- How can you break his heart like that, Joe? How can you?

Joe Maybe he's breaking my heart a little bit too. I was'nt out out to be a doctor.---The thought of it sickens me. Well, I don't know how it will all end, b ut---

Louise Hush, I hear Pop coming.---Not a word now.---(Door closes)--- You look tired, Pop. How do you feel?

Pop I feel bully. I sold to-day two clocks on a vatch, on four vatches I got to fix 'em. dat's fine business, ha?

Louise Yes. The sales are all right, but the watches to fix---your eyes are getting so bad. Th ey're so blood shot, so red.

Pop Ach, mine kind. Vat you see, it looks red---vat I see, it looks reasy.---Der money vat my eyes makes for me---dat's gonner make from my boy a doctor, ain't it?----Vi--vi-- you don' say someting, Louisa?

Louise (Lost for words) Be--because, Pop; ---but if you keep on straining your eyes so much---

Pop Don' be afraid, Louisa, . Ev'ry little vile I shut mine eyes dey should get rest a little bit.--En maybe you tink ven my eyes is closed I don' see netting?-- Sure, I do. Mit der eyes shut I see my Cheey, How he is sitting in a fine office, in a big chair ~~vat~~ it goes around--en around--en around. En so nice he looks!-- A fine suit he wears, a made for him to-order suit. En a nice big moustache he got, en a --en a goat--you know, vat all der doctors hev it on der chin--a goat you call it, ha?

Joe You mean a goatee, Papa.

Pop Yah, dat's right--a goatee.-- Ach, Cheey. I ken see it like it would be here already.--Vell it don't be so long no more to wait--a couple o' years. It runs around quick; en den--(a deep sigh)--Only ven ting it vill make a cloud on my heppiness, your Mama don' be here, she should see it.--(Sighs again)-- Vell, vee should'n't ask God no questions. He knows vat's right en vat's wrong, so----- (He shouts)--Chee, I nearly fall en broke my neck over dat vire. Vat you fixing der again?

Joe The piano lamp- Pop. You like to hear the girls play once in a while, don't you?-- Louise says she can't see to read a note, and Betty, well, you know her. She's got a good excuse, she don't have to practise.

Pop But you don' fix it, you gonna broke it, like you brokeder 'khat 'lectric iron, en vee had go buy a new ven.

Joe But I---

Louise (Quickly interrupts) Joe, leave the lamp alone, will you please. I'll ring up-----

Pop Ring up Saltzheiner. He's a good mechanic. I gonna hev him in

der store next week. I gonna put in a new big fixture in der window.

Louise What for, Pop?

Pop I gonna show dem, der odder ^tsore keepers. Frits tol' me dey say mine store looks like a old fashioned dump.--I show dem someting vat it'll knock der eyes out.-- Der biggest lights in der whole block I'm gonna hev,-- en chewelry I'm gonna put in der window too.

Louise How are you going to get jewelry, Papa?

Pop On consumption I get it.

Louise Consumption?

Joe He means consignment. Don't you, Pop?

Pop Yah. Only, vat's so much der difference? A couple letters dis way, a couple dat way---Vat it means, it means.

Joe Here, now look, Pop. The lamp's fixed.

Pop Sure! It's ligh ted! Look Louise.

Louise Yes. For once in his life he's really done something wit out breaking it.

Pop (Chuckles) Dat's right, Luisa.

Louise (In alarmed tone) Look out! You're stepping en the wire, Joe.
(Crack. The lamp falls.--Glass is heard breaking)

Joe Gee, Pop, I could'nt help it. I didn't know I had my foot in the wire.

Pop You done yongg someting, vat you did'nt put yer foot in it?

Louise It was'nt his fault, Papa.

Pop It was'nt his fault? You twist der wire around his feet? Und ven yes, he don' get no eyes?

Joe It's only the shade that's broken, Pop. And if that was'nt glass

-----I'll buy a new one. Saltzheimer got one over in the store
~~these~~ beats this one to pices.

Pop How you know? You hinging around again der maybe?

Joe No. I--I--saw it in the window.

Pop Vell, a big shade like dat costs a lod o' money. Ver you get so
 much money?

Joe I--I--

Louise He saved it, Papa. He wanted to surprise you with something nice
 for your birth-day.----- (Bell rings)

Joe I'll open the door.

Louise I'll get the dust pan and brush.

Joe (From distance) Hello, Sis. How are you?

Tess (Coming in) I'm fine. Hello, Pop.--(Kiss) Hello, Louise.

Louise Hello, Tess. What brought you in? We did'nt expect you.

Tess What's the matter? Ain't I welcome?

Pop Sure, mine kind. So welcome like der flowers in der May time;
 only it must be someting vat -----

Louise Look out, Tess. Don't step on the broken glass there. You might
 cut your shoe.

Tess Oh, gee! Who broke the lamp?

Louise Noy who would you think?

Tess Joe, I suppose.

Pop Ven sometings get broke you don' getta suppose, you ken be sure
 it's Cheey vat broke it.--The off der het, Liebohen.

Joe Louise, why don't you get married and come to see Pop one in a
 while, thm he'dcall you Liebohen too.

Pop She's mine Liebohen all der time,--only I don' say it.

Joe Why don't you? I'll bet she would'nt mind hearing it once in a

while. Would you, Louise?

Louise Don't be a baby, Joe.-- Go, bring the dust pan and brush, will you

Joe Where is it?

Louise In the broom closet, of course.

Joe All right. I'll get it.

Pop Vell, Teresa I ken see you got something to tell papa.

Louise I hope it is'nt bad news.

Pop En if it's bad news---she comes en tells Papa, en--vell,--so long Papa ken, he'll try make it good again.

Tess If you think I came here for anything for myself you're all wrong.--It's for your good I'm here.

Joe Get out of the way will you, so I can sweep up this glass.

Louise Give me the pan and brush. I'll sweep it up.

Joe I'll do it.--I'll do it. You just get out of my way.

Pop Vat you mean, Teresa, for my good you here?

Louise (Shouts) Joe, will you stop juggling the dust pan! You'll drop the whole thing on the floor again.

Joe I won't drop it. Gee, what a crab you're getting to be.

Pop (Shouts) Choe, you talk to your sister like dat--I crab you von you don' forget it.

Tess Say! I didn't come to spend the night here. My husband does'nt even know where I went. I got to get back home.

Pop Vell, then make hurry op.--Tell me.

Tess Listen, Pop. What do you know about Louis Jergen?

Pop Who is Louis Jergen?

SMEN Joe That's the bum that's hanging around Betty

Tess Oh! So it's you that brought the news to Pop?

Pop No. He don' tell me nothing.--Mrs Fensterbalu, she tell me.

Tess Oh, I see. Can't you see, that's just jealousy, Papa. He's a fine young man, and Mrs Fensterblau wants him for her daughter.

Pop Mrs Fensterblau ain't got enough to eat for herself en for her children,--so she's gonna gib a son-in-law to eat, --en buy him shoes en gib him maybe pocket money too?

Tess Ge'll get a job, Papa. Wait till business picks up a little. Why don't you give the fellow a chance?

Pop I'll gib him ten chances--only not mit mine Betty.

Tess Papa, Betty fell in love with that young man. You know what that means.

Pop She fell in love, hah? So it means she gotta fall out again.

Joe Say. What's the big idea of coming in here and up-setting Pop like this?

Tess I don't suppose you ever upset him?

Louise Joe's right. You might have come to me. I think I could have managed the thing.

Tess Think is the word, but that's as far as you'd get. The kid's mad about the fellow. She told me so. - So you might as well make up your minds ¹²now and----

Louise Sh, here she comes.----- (Door closes)

Betty Oh, hello, Tess. How come you're here again to-night?

Tess (Stammers) I---I--er--

Pop She bring me some good news.

Betty Yes? What is it? Hurry up. Tell me, don't keep me in suspense.

Pop Come here, Betty.

Betty What's the matter? This don't look like good news. You're all looking at me as if I ---I was a thief or something.

- Pop Dat's choest vat you are. A liar; en a liar by me is a tief.--
You promise me you don' never see dat loafer again.
- Betty (Stamps her foot) He isn't a loafer.
- Pop You stomp your foot at your Papa?
- Betty (In sobbing tone) Well, I can't help it. You--you're insulting
the man I love.
- Pop (Inchoking tone) You--you don' be afraid to tell me in my face
you luff dat--dat--dat loafer?
- Betty No. I'm not afraid. True love does'nt know any fear.--Call him
anything you like--I love ^{I love him} him, and I am going to marry him.--
Here's my engagement ring. He just gave it to me.
- Pop (Shocked) Engagement ring? --Lemme see.--(Window opens)---
- Betty (Cries out) Don't, Papa. Please, don't.----(She sobs)---Oh, Tess
He threw my engagement ring out of the window.----- (Sobs)

Episode 5.

Louise Joe, did you order the flowers?

Joe Sure I did.

Louise What kind?

Joe Roses and carnations.

Louise Red ones? You know Pop likes red.

Joe Yes. Most red; just a few white ones to blend in with them. The florist told me all red would'nt make up nice in a bouquet.

Louise I huess he's right.---(Calls)--Betty, did you get the candle holders?

Betty Yes. I got them.

Louise Bring them in. We have'nt got much time to lose now. Pop'll be here soon.

Joe I'll bet this is the one night he's gonner come home early, just because we want him to come home a little later.

Louise Well, we can be all set here in ten minutes. It's just that we want Tess and Fred to be here when Pop comes in.

Betty Here's the candle holders, Lou.

Louise Get the candles. There, over there on the side board.--Oh, for Heaven's sake move your feet. You walk like you're in a trance.

Joe And she looks like she ad'nt sleep for a week.

Betty Oh, who's talking to you?

Joe I'm talking to you, love-shek. Cleopatra herself, if she were alive to-day, would'nt get me like that gosh darn bloke got you.

Betty Now, you stop calling him names, or I'll throw this cake-----

Louise Here. Put that cake down. What's the matter with you? You gone cuzzy or something?

- Betty Well, then tell him to mind his own business. Where does he get off to butt into my affairs?
- Louise She's right, Joe. She's older than you. You're only a kid.
- Joe Sure. I'm a kid when it comes to say something, but when you want me to do something, even if the job is big enough for any man, you'll say: "for Heaven's sake, go ahead and do it. You're not a kid any more".
- Louise (Laughs) Maybe you're right there too---
- Betty Sure, you'll laugh. Anything th at he says goes with you. He is sister's darling baby.
- Joe Say, call me that again and I'll----
- Louise Will you two stop this arguing?---Come on now, Betty. Don't be so sur. It's Papa's sixtieth birth-day. Try to look a little more pleasant.
- Betty I feel so blue, Sis, but I'll try.
- Louise Betty, dear. I loved a man once.--I loved him madly.
- Betty You?
- Louise Yes.---Why not?---I put all my strength and health into this home; but I have a heart, that beats just the same as yours, Betty.
- Betty Then why didn't you marry him?
- Joe (Sarcastically) Why didn't she marry him? You're so old and wise, and I am the kid. Well, the kid don't have to ask. He's got brains enough to understand. She sacrificed herself---for Pop, for you and for me.
- Betty She didn't have to.--Tess was grown-up when Mama died.
- Joe Sure she was; but you can picture what this home would have been with Tess the manager. The best part of everything would have been here . The rest would have been good enough for us.

Louise Tess is all right, Joe. She is just a little bit--well--er--
Joe Selfish, and a lot more than a little too.
Louise All right. We'll call it that; but right down in her heart she loves us all.--You know, many's the battle she has with that husband of hers on account of us.
Joe You know, Sis, some day I'm gonner knock that fellow's block off. He is not gonner turn his nose up at us very much longer and get away with it.
Louise Don't pay any attention to him. I tolerate him for her sake, and you've got to do the same, Joe.
Betty (Sighs) Some way or other. Louise, you always manage to do the right thing.
Louise That isn't because ~~you think~~ I am what you think I am--all fine gold. I'm human--just the same as you are, Betty, just the same as any other girl; but I do the right thing, first, because I know it's best for myself, second, I know it's best for every one who loves me,---and somehow it turns out right.
Betty You want to make me believe, you never regretted giving up the man you love?
Louise I can't exactly say that.----Here, Joe, put the candle holders around the cake.--Oh, not so far apart. You've got to get sixty of them around the cake.
Betty Give them to me. I'll set them in.
Joe Here.
Betty Does this look like we'll get the sixty around it?
Louise I think so.---I'll stick the candles in them.
Betty Louise, were you honestly never sorry you didn't marry that man?
Louise In the beginning I'll admit I was; but after a while I--well,

I sort of drifted into a--a state of--it's past and gone state, and I then began to forget all about him.

Betty

You began to forget, but did you finish?

Louise

Yes; and then it began to dawn on me--I could'nt have been madly in love with him.---If I was, nothing could make me forget. So imagine what I escaped--just because I did what I knew was right.---Why don't you try and benefit by my experience dear? Try it for a little while,---and then for another little while.---(Betty sobs)---Don't cry, darling. I know it is hard. I knew just how you feel.---(A sob in her voice)---I've been through it.

Betty

(In choking voice) You see, you have'nt forgotten. You still-

Louise

I am not arguing for myself, dear. It's for you.---I am so sorry for you, because I know how hard it will be for you; but you'll come out of it--the same as I did---and then you'll be glad, the same as I am.

Joe

Say, will you two quit that sluch and mush. Gee, but I am glad fellers never get that way.

Louise

Don't they?

Joe

No, they don't.

Louise

Maybe they don't cry, but they take a drink, then another, then some more, till they---

Joe

Oh, what would'nt I give for a nice broken heart--especially now---with prohibition bumped off.---Say, that reminds me. We have'nt got a drop of anything in the house. It's a hell of a birth-day party without even a bottle of wine on the table. Suppose I---

Betty

Wait a minute. Tess brought a bottle of wine for Paapa's

birth-day last year.

Louise Yes, that's right. She'll bring a bottle with her. I'm sure she will.--I only wish she'd get here before Papa.

Joe She knows what time Pop comes for supper. What isn't she here now?

Louise Why isn't she? Well, everything's ready.

Joe When do we light the candles, Sis?

Louise We ought to watch out for him. You know, it takes a little while to light sixty candles, even if the three of us get at it. I think we better take chances in poking our heads out of the window, till we see him coming.

Joe That's right. I'll look now.---(Window opens)--Lou--Lou--he's right at the front door. He is coming in. Hurry up with the candles.---(Window closes)--- Here, here's matches. Gosh, the more hurry the less speed.

Betty Give me another match, quick.

Louise Give me one too.

Joe Here, here's a lot of them.

Louise I am lighting five to your one.

Joe The blam'd things won't light for me.

Louise All right, now. Just these two.---Go, listen at the door, Joe.

Joe Here he is, girls.---(Door closes)---Happy birth-day, Pop.

Pop (Coming in) To-day? To-day's my birth-day? Der eightent is my birth-day.--Oh, my, oh, my, wat a beautiful cake mit---Say, children, ven I live a lot more years you gotta get a cake vat it would'nt fit der table mit so many kendles on it. Oh, dat looks so nice; only my birt-day is der eightent, ain't it, Louise?

Louise Yes. ~~EEEEEE~~ And to-day is the eighteenth.

- Pop Ach. Den I got eat supper en go right away beck in der store. Saltzheiner tol' me he's gonna come on der eighteent in der night. He's gonna see how he is gonna fix der 'lectric lights fixtures in der vindows for me.
- Joe Well, you're not going back to-night, Pop. It's your birth-day, I'll go over after supper. He can tell me all you want to know.
- Pop I like to speak mit him mineself.
- Louise Well, you don't speak to him to-night. It's your birth-day, and you're going to spend the evening here.
- Pop Vell, if it is my birt-day, ver is Teresa?
- Louise She'll be here any moment, Papa.--I suppose she went to meet Fred with the car, and he was'nt ready, as usual.---(Bell rings)--- Here she is now.
- Betty I'll open the door.---(From a little distance)---It's the bouquet. Lou. Got a dime for the boy?
- Pop A dime for der boy! A nickel ain't enough?
- Joe Oh, what's a nickel, Pop? How can you hand a boy a nickel? Here's a dime, Betty.
- Pop Sure. By you a nickel is no money--You don' work yet for it.
- Joe I'd work all right if you'd---
- Louise Joe! We want Ppa to have a nice pleasant birth-day.
- Pop Ach Gott, vat beautiful flowers.---(He sniffs them)--- How beautiful dey smell.--(Auto horn is heard)--
- Louise Here's Tess and Fred now. Joe, quick, get me the hair brush.
- Pop For me?
- Louise Yes, for your seven hairs are standing up on ends.
- Joe Here, Lou.
- Louise So.

Joe Wait a minute, Pop. Let me fix your tie. I don't want Tess to have to make excuses for the way you look to that old galupe of hers. These! --Now, don't you take any of his guffy & side remarks. Slam right back at him, and make him like it.

Louise (In decided tone) Don't you do it, Pop. It's bad manners to insult anyone in your house.---(Bell rings)--- Open the door, Joe
Oh, you're here at last, are you?

Mess Well, I couldn't help it. I---hello, Pop! Many, many happy birth-days.---(Kiss)

Pop Tenks, Terem. Ver, ver is your husband?
Tess That's just why I am late. I went over to the office to pick him up.--He's he's expecting a buyer.

Joe (sarcastically) A buyer coming to the office this time of the night?

Tess Yes. A buyer this time of the night. He happens to be a very old friend of Fred's.

Pop So he don' come here at all to-night?

Tess I--I think he will.---Here's a little birth-day present for you, Papa.---(Paper is heard rattling)

Pop It's nice. Look, Cheey, a ledder wallet. Ain't it nice?

Joe It's nice all right; but you got three of them with nothing much to put in any of them, and she knows it.

Louise Joe, what did I tell you?

Pop Vie don' you take off der het en der coat, Teresa?

Tess I---I--I can't stay, Papa.

Pop Vat! You don' stay--On Papa's birt-day you don' stay for supper?

Tes I'd like to, really, I would, but it's just impossible to-night.

Pop (In determined tone) Teresa, It is notting impossible for der Papa to do for der shildren! Now you gonna do vonce vat ain't possible for your Papa.--Take off der het. You're gonna stay here for supper.--You hear me! Take off der het!

Tess (What time is it, Joe?

Joe Quarter ofseven.

Tess (Excitedly) Oh! Then I can't stay for supper. I simply can't. You don't know how cold it is out, and Fred's waiting for me in front of Gray's drug store.

Joe Gray's drug store? That means you're going to a show.

Louise Joe, will you shut your mouth!

Pop He's right. Don' she choost tell me Fred waits for a buyer in der office?

Tess (Seeking for words) Well--well- I can't help it if he does'nt want to come. I can't quarrel with my husband all the time. After all, he feets all the bills, does'nt he?

Louise Not all, Tess.

Tess Well, no, not all; but I must stick by my husband.

Joe (Sarcastically) Stick to your husband! Well, it might be an honor to you to be Mrs Fredrick Harrison, bu to us it is a calamity.

Tess (Gries out) I won't stg here another minute to have my husband insulted like that. What do you think I am anyway? --I am getting out of here. This is too much for me. Good bye.--(Door bangs)

Joe That was just an excuse to get out.

Louise Did'nt I tell you not to-----

Pop Ven she don' vanna stay for her Papa's birtday it's bedder like dat.--Don' feel so bad, Louisa. It's all right. Come, vee eat supper

Joe You don't have to coax me. I'm starved.

Louise Well, Papa, What ^{eat} do you begin to eat?

Pop (In emotional tone)--I--I--It's such a nice supper. Louise, I--
I--like to eat, --only I--I--kent. I ken't.

Episode 6.

Joe (From other room) Hey, Louise, did my blue suit come back from the tailor?

Louise It didn't go to the tailor, but it's pressed all right.--It's out here. I forgot to hang it back in the closet.

Joe (Coming in) Gee, Lou, I appreciate your pressing my suit, but, honest, it don't look the same.--You did it once before---I didn't want to say anything---I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but, really, it looked like a home-made job.

Louise Let me tell you something, Joe. There ^{is} a very little coming into this house now, but an awful lot going out.---You know Betty lost a lot of scholars since the depression. People simply can't afford to give their children music lessons; so all she has left now is six scholars. That hardly pays for her car fares and silk stockings and you---well, I needn't tell you what an expense you are.

Joe Well, you know it ain't my fault that I am an expense. I'd rather-

Louise Oh, I know it isn't your fault, but it isn't Betty's fault either that her scholars had to quit. Never the less everything in the house has to go on just the same.

Joe Well, you can't tell me a quarter to press my suit would make such a lot of difference.

Louise No, not just that quarter; but it is a quarter here and a dime there. You just take a little bank and every time you save a quarter or a dime or a nickel--or even pennies---in a short time you'll be surprised to see you've got a few dollars there.--You try it, kid, and you'll see.

Joe I guess you're right on that.--Gee, the suit don't look so bad. Getting experience, eh? --Say, I'll bet you've been pressing my suits all along!

Louise (Giggling) You win the bet, kid.

Joe You're great, Sis.--Gee, I don't know how you do it all.--Listen, Louise, now, don't begin to lecture me when I tell you this--- it's for the good of all of us, not only for me, ---Pop's no longer a young man, and he's going through Hell's fire, he is even giving up his eyes to make a doctor out of me---and I know I'll never be a successful doctor, because the profession doesn't appeal to me--I don't like it-- I could be earning money now, and Pop could save the little sight he's got left, and you wouldn't have to work so hard.--Now don't look at me as if I were pleading only for myself; I'm not--^{for} honest--I'm not. I'm thinking of you and Pop just as much as I do of myself.

Louise Joe, dear, you're thinking only of just now; Pop's thinking of the future.

Joe But look at the price he is paying for it! His health, his eyesight---Your health--Betty's health.--I know she's deprived of a lot of things now that she ought to have,---and it's all going into making a doctor out of me. If you call that sensible, then I'm a raving maniac.

Louise So you've decided to be an electrician!

Joe Lou, you know Pop's the biggest thing in my life, but you know pop, we can't decide ^{anything} he does that for all of us.---He means well, but you know, Sis, he won't move along with the times. He still believes in the parents right to dominate over his children, even at the cost of his health and his happiness.--Lou, you've got to help me. You've got to make Pop see things as they really are.--I can't go on like this, sneaking and lying.

Louise (Horried) You mean--you---

- Joe Some one's got to know the truth, or I'll bust.
- Louise You--you're--not--attending college--at all?
- Joe Yes. I--I'm still going to college, but--but I'm neglecting my lessons a lot.--I'm doing jobs for Saltzheiner.--I want to make hay while the sun shines,--while Saltzheiner is in the mood to let me spoil a lot of his stuff.--You know apprentices do spoil a lot of stuff, while they're learning; and this is my chance, so I'm taking it.--Lou, promise me you'll talk to Pop, will you? Will you, please?
- Louise You're sure handing me a fine job; but I promise I'll do it.
- Joe Give me a kiss, Sis.--(A kiss)--- (A deep sigh)--Mom sure knew what she was doing when she made you promise you'll take care of us.
- Louise I don't she realised what----Here, hang your suit in the closet.
- Joe What do you think I wanted it pressed for? I'm putting it on.
- Louise You're putting it on? To go to cousin Hulda's? --You don't need that suit to go there. The kids will jump all over you. You'll have a fine looking suit by the time you get home.
- Joe Say, what are you talking about?
- Louise Did'nt Pop tell you his cousin Hulda is awfully sick? Fritz told him about it yesterday.
- Joe What's that got to do with me?
- Louise Here's Pop now.Go, hang your suit in the closet.
- Joe I will like-----
- Pop (Out of breath) Oh, dem stairses. Chogy, I for got to bring along der papers. I vas looking on der news stend, and I forget it---My head is so mixed up mit all der troubles.--Some time I'm

gonna forget yet mine name.--Go like a good boy, run down quick.
I vanna see about dose crooks, vat dey gonna do mit dem.

Joe You mean the fellows what bräke into the jewelry store on Third Avenue?

Pop No, not dose kind ^a of crooks vat hold to-day somebody en next week again somebody.--I mean der king vat holds op thousands en thousands peoples --der whole-sale hold-ops. I mean some o' dose fine high-het bankers.--My peer cousin Hulda. Ven o' dem hold-ops got her money. Now she got noting to eat.--Go, bring der paper.

Joe All right. the Sunday paper?

Pop No. On Sunday you should get der Friday paper.--Vat's der metter Your brain got a vacation?

Joe (Laughs) I was thinking of something else, when I asked that question.

Pop (Calls after him) Vell, don' tink someting else ven you go out. You ken me yet a pumpernickel instedd of a news paper.--(In low tone)-- Betty's gonna be away long?

Louise She's got the three Dennis' children to give lessons to this afternoon.

Pop Vi de pick out Sunday to take lessons?

Louise The children had the mumps and lost a couple of lessons; so Mrs. Dennis wants them to make up for it.

Pop Joe is finished mit der lessons?

Louise I--I--think so.

Pop You tink so? -Vat time he get op?

Louise Not very late.

Pop Vell I ask you ven more question, den I'll be sure I know Shust

so much after like I know befere.

Louise Well, you know, Pop, sometime Joe does his home work in school.

Pop Yah, dat^{is} We right. Tell me, Louisa, You cook already der shicken soup for cousin Hulda?

Louise Yes, but, Pop, you're going to have the devil of a time to get the kid to carry a pot of soup and a bundle, especially on a Sunday.--What have you got in that bundle anyway?

Pop Chust some fruit eh some cakes and a little candy en a Liederkrantz cheese for Ludvig.--He likes dat cheese--en a couple pounds Wiener wurst.

Louise What's in that box?

Pop Oh, yes. Some fresh eggs, right from der farm, for Hulda.--Der butcher he got dem for me.

Louise I can just see Joe carrying all that.

Joe What did you say, Sis?

Louise Oh, nothing.

Joe I heard you say: Joe, when I opened the door.--Here's the paper, Pop.

Pop You heard her say: Chee?

Joe Yes, if I'm not mistaken.

Pop You don' be mistaken.--Louisa said Cheey is gonna go mit his Papa to cousin Hulda, en he's gonna carry der bundles mitout he should say von verd dat he don' like it.

Joe Did you say that, Louise?

Louise Now I'm between the devil and the deep sea.

Joe Oh! I kind o' thought -----Listen, Pop. What am I gonner do over in your cousin Hulda's house after I get there?

Pop You don' gotta do notting. You chust bring your Papa der.--You know, mit mine gimpy foot I ken't go so far alone.

Joe Gee, I had a date at the gym.

Pop (Shouts) Again der gym! I did'nt tell you I don' want you to go in no gym?

Joe I told you I would'nt practise for prize fighting any more, but, gee, Pop, all the boys take up gymnastics.

Pop Gym--vat sticks?

Joe Gym--er--oh, you don't understand. I mean exercises--for the arms and for the body.

Pop Oh! Exercises for der arms en for der body! Dat you ken do! Louise, let him clean for you der vinders. Dat's a fine exercise for der arms, en for der body--wait a minute--I tink I find some-tings---surg---der carpet. You ken sweep der carpet good. Dat's a fine exercise for der body.

Joe Don't be funny, Pop.

Pop I ain't funny. It's right.-- Vi you gotta go out en look for exercise, vat you ken hev it here right in der house?--You know, Louise don' need so much exercise like she get it.

Joe (Exasperated) It's no use. I give up.

Pop Well, if you give up, den I vin, ha? So ve gonna tie op der bundles en ve go right erray to Hulda's house.--I'll read der paper in der subway.

Joe If you think I'm going to carry a lot of bundles on Sunday into the subway-----

Louise (Gries out) Look out, Joe.

Joe Holy jiminy! The pot of soup went out of the window! Well, it's your fault, Louise. Wh at's a pot of soup doing on the window sill anyway, and the window open?

Louise It was cooling off so you could carry it.

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Joe Oh, I see. You expected me to carry a pot of soup, did you?

Louise Papa asked me to cook a pot of soup for-----

Joe Sure. All Pop's got to do is to ask you to do something,--and it don't make any difference ^{what} ~~that~~ it is, you'll do it; but I, well, when that soup went flying out of the window it sure did me a favor.----- (Phone rings)---I'll answer. I'm expecting a call. Hello! Yes. Say, Harry, I can't go.--No.--I've got to take my father over to a sick cousin of his.--No.-- Betty's out giving music lessons, and Louise, well, you know she gets so train-sick, she can't ride in the subway at all.--Gee, Harry, you don't know how much I'd like to go.--I'd rather take a double dose o' ^{to} ~~cold~~ oil than go out there to-day.---Wal, it is'nt my fault, Harry.--- Don't be an idiot.-- Yes, I suppose your father would, but mine, wald, I'll see you to-morrow, kid.-- All right.--Good bye.

Pop Your Papa ain't so good like Harry's Papa, ha?

Joe Well--er--in lots of ways you're a whole lot better, but, oh, well If I said what I wanted to now, it would only start something again Come on.--Where's your hat and coat?

Pop Ver I always put it, on der rack in der hall.

Joe Here.

Louise Wait a minute. That hat can stand a brushing.

Joe Come on. I'll help you with your coat.--You know, Pop, you could stand a new over coat!

Pop Listen, Choeey. In yong vinter I can't buy two over coats. Ven der son gotta hev a coat der Papa gotta wait.

Louise Here's your hat, Papa.

Pop It looks so nice en shiny! Vat you do mit it?

Louise I dipped the hat brush in a little black coffee.

Pop (Earnestly) Dat's a girl! Louisa, it's to bed you ain't twins,----
Bring in der bundles, Liebochen.

Joe Where did I put my hat?

Pop HowheVs gonna look for der het.

Joe I got it.---Holy smoke! Lou, do you think I'm going to carry all
these bundles?

Pop Vell, you ken tie it op en make from it yon bundle, ken't you?

Joe And do you think I'm going into th e subway with a bundle that
size on Sunday?

Pop Listen, Choe, I was in der trains lots o' times on Sunday, ven it
comes in little fellers en big fellers like you too---like der
soldiers dey're dressed--er--leggings on--er--you know ----

Louise Scouts you mean. Don't you, Papa?

Pop Yen. Yes. Scouts.- Vell, dey carry bundles, some is so big en so
heavy dey ken't carry 'em in der hand, dey carry 'em on der beek.

Joe But they are not bundles, Pop, they're packs. That's different.
Every one can see they're going out for their pleasure.

Pop Oh! So ven you carry someting ven you go for pleasure you call it
a peck, en ven you go mit Papa, en you gotta carry someting you
call it a bundle,--because it ain't a pleasure for you to go mit
your Papa.--All right, Choe. I call der chanitor boy. He go mit
me.--You know for money you get money;--only from a child like you
vat h Papa giffs money, vat he giffs everyting, he gets--notting,
notting.

Episode 7.

Betty (Calls in) Louise, some one was at my bureau drawer. Was it Joe?

Louise Why? What's the matter?

Betty Nothing's the matter, but I can see somebody has been rummaging around here.

Louise Come on in here a minute, Betty.

Betty (Coming in) What is it you want?

Louise I was at your bureau drawer, Betty.

Betty What for?

Louise (Hesitatingly) Because, well, because for the last few days you've been singing--your appetite's a lot better,--and your complexion--even in the morning before you put your rouge on--is a lot better.

Betty What is the matter? Have you gone out of your mind or something? What has my singing and my appetite and my complexion---what's that all got to do with your poking around in my bureau drawers?

Louise Everything, kid.---You remember ^emy telling you not so long ago---I was in love once myself.

Betty Yes---

Louise Well,--experience is the greatest of all teachers. I received letters from my--my beau, even after I had told him everything was over between us, and I would never see him again.--Somehow I just could'nt destroy those letters, so I put them under the paper lining in my bureau drawer.

Betty Oh! I see you found my letters.

Louise Yes---

Betty And you read them.

Louise Yes.--Oh, don't look at me with that terrible disgust in your

eyes, Betty. --On my word of honor! If Mama was alive I would never have done it; but don't you understand, dear, I feel so responsible--(A tear in her voice)--The last words Mama said to me were: I depend on you, Louise, to take good care of the children.---And when I told her she could depend on me--she could'nt speak any more.--She puckered up her lips, and she looked at me.---I understood.---She wanted me to seal my promise with a last kiss.---(She cries)---Darling, try to understand! No matter what I do to you---no matter how awful it looks to you, I am only doing the best I know how.--The same as Mama would do if she was alive.

- Betty And the best you knew how was to read my letters.
- Louise Yes. That was the best and the quickest way I could find out just how things stood between you and----
- Betty Well, now you found out, what are you going to do about it?
- Louise Betty, don't take that attitude. It hurts dreadfully.
- Betty You must think I ^{am} immune to any kind of hurt.
- Louise No, I don't, dear. I pity you with all my heart.--It was just your misfortune to fall in love with the wrong man.
- Betty How do you know he's the wrong man? You have'nt even seen him or spoken to him.
- Louise But Joe's seen him several times in the store when Papa was'nt there. Is that right?
- Betty Why not? All's right in love and war.
- Louise That's just what it ^{is} going to lead up to--war in this house; and war is just as terrible in a home as it is out on a battle field. It must'nt come to that, Betty. It must'nt.
- Betty All this because Mrs Fensterblau told Papahe had'nt paid his

room rent.

Louise For six months, Betty. Now, be sensible! Would the right sort of a man stay in a widow's house six months without paying a cent?

Betty Mrs Fensterblau told Papa that; but she did'nt tell him how many times Jim had his trunk packed to leave.--Once an express man called for it, and she told him there must be some mistake---there was no trunk in that house to be sent out.

Louise Maybe she wanted to hold his trunk for the room rent. I would'nt blame her if she did. A poor widow woman! She has to pay her rent, or she'll be dispossessed.

Betty She did'nt want to hold the trunk---she wants to hold him, for Harriet. She's crazy about him, and as far as the money goes, she knows, when Jim gets a job she'll get every cent of her money. She knows his true character all right; but she's poisoned Pop's mind, and yours and Joe's. ---It's as clear as that window pane. You could see right through it, if you was'nt afraid to look.--That's what it is! You're afraid of Pop.

Louise You're all wrong, Betty. I'll admit I'm afraid of arguments---not exactly afraid of them--but I don't like them. I hate them! And I try to avoid them as much as possible; but if I thought this Jim of yours was the right sort of a man for you, I'd help you to get him, and I'd tell Pop I was doing it.

Betty. Would you, honestly, Louise?

Louise I certainly would.

Betty (Earnestly) Oh, Lou, if I could only get you to see him some time. If I only could---

Louise Here's Pop.

Pop Brr---It's cold to-night.

Louise I only came in a little while ago. I didn't think it so cold.--
Oh! I can see why you're cold. You don't look right to me.

Pop I am all right. It's chust I---ver is Chee? He ain't home yet?

Louise He said he'll be home around six. I suppose he'll come in now
any moment.

Pop He do der lessons?

Louise Yes. He was at his home work all morning.

Pop (A sigh of self satisfaction) I tell you, Louisa, Chee is a fine
boy. ^{only} ~~Why~~ I--I done tell him dat, en you shouldnt tell him neider
(A sigh) It don' be so long now, en vee gonna be---Ach, Louisa,
ven you vill hear somebody say: Is Dr schultz home?--Ach! In every
bone I feel it. Ver I go I hear it. Ver I look I see it.--
(A deep sigh) Only if Mana could be here! How happy den vee could
all be.-----~~(He sneezes)~~---

Louise I see what's the matter with you now. You get a cold again.

Pop Vonce I sneeze, so already by you I got a cold.--~~(He sneezes again)~~
Now, Louisa, I betcha I got phneumonia, ha? I gotta look out I don'
sneeze no more, you shouldnt make it consumption.

Louise Well, on e thing I can assure you, Pop, I'm not going to let this
cold lead into anything, not if I can help it. I got some of that
medicine here that Dr Briggs gave you when you had that last bad
cold.--Betty, bring it in, will you! It's in the medicine chest.

Pop Who toll you I got a bad cold?

Louise Well, maybe it isⁿt bad yet, but I'm not taking any chances with
so much "flu" going around.

Pop Oh, yes, yes. It's von ting yet I forgot it. Der Flu! Vonce more
I sneeze--den it's gonna be der flu.

Betty Here's the medicine, Lou, and a tea spoon.

Pop Louisa, I should bedder be sick vee I should take dat medicine.

Louise You'll be sick if you don't take it all right.--Here, now take it. Hurry up! It's spilling.

Pop Spill a little more.--Two drops in der spoon vill be enough for me too.

Louise Papa, will you take th is medicine! I can't hold my hand steady so long.

Pop No? So you need medicine, not me.

Louise Papa, do you know what Mama would do with this spoon of medicine if she was here now?

Pop Sure. She would trow it in my face.

Louise You bet she would; and I would'nt blame her.

Pop I would like it hedder in der face vee in der mout. I would'nt taste it.

Betty For Heaven's sake, Papa! You thought it was all right for us to take any kind of medicine when we were kids.

Pop I tink now too it's all right. Here, you ken take dis. Louise, gib her der whole bottle.

Louise Papa, will you take this; my hand is getting paralyzed.

Pop So I gotta take it.----(Sound of disgust)---Betty, quick, giime a little vater.--Oh, dat doctor! He should be sick some timeven Cheey is already a doctor. I'm gonna make he should gib him a medicinechust like der von he gib me---voister yet.

Betty Here is the water, Pop.

Pop (He drinks) Er "vater don' vash dat down.---(Dog barks)---Vat's dat?

Joe I'm a little bit late, but,---say, Pop, how do you like my dog?

Pop Your dog?

Joe Yes. I won him in a faffle.

Pop He looks like such ^a kind of a dog.

Joe What do you mean, such ^a kind of a dog?

Pop I mean, nobody would vuy him, --so he gets put in a raffle.

Joe Is that so? Well, if you want to know, this dog belonged to Harry.

Pop So vy he make a raffle an him?

Joe Because he needed some money for a poor fellow in school.

Pop So vy you don' gib Harry beck der dog?

Joe I offered it to him, but he would'nt take it.--He'd be a hell of a sport if he did.

Pop Choe, go gib Harry beck & r dog.

Joe What for? He don't want him.

Pop I don' vant him neider. It's enough noise in der house mit you--mit-out yet a dog.

Joe Oh, Pop, he's a nice, quiet little dog. Look, he did'nt bark once; only when I just brought him in, and that was because he was strange.

Pop He's gonna be stranger yet in a minute. Take him beck to Harry. You hear me! Harry op, take him beck! I don' vant no dog in dis house.

Joe Oh, Pop, let me keep him, will you? You know there was burglars down on the first floor one night last week.

Pop So dis dog is gonna keep away der burglars?

Joe Sure, Pop. Any little noise and he'll---You'll see, Pop. Nobody will bother us when he is here.

Pop Nobody vill bodder us ven he is here! Look on him! He looks like he got der sleeping sickness, on a couple o' flees I guess he got too. Go, take him beck yet before sopper.--I don' vant no flees in my soup.

Joe Oh, Pop, I like this little mutt. Let me keep him, will you? I'll keep him in my room.

Pop Listen, Louisa got plenty to clean mitout yet a dog.

Joe I'll take care of him. She won't have to.

Pop Sure, like you take for yourself. You vonce put away someting vat you take it off? Take out der dog before I get---Take him out now, you hear!

Betty Oh, for Heaven's sake, why can't you let him have the dog?

Pop n Who's der boss here? He or you?

Joe That's all you hear in this blame house! The boss--the boss--the boss. Instead of having your name in the letter box we ought to put in "the boss". Any one that knows us would know it's our bell.

Pop Vell, it's maybe a disgrace to be a boss in mine own house?

Louise Papa, It--it is'nt exactly a disgrace, but--but----

Betty For Heaven's sake, Lou, if you want to say something in our favor why don't you say it?

Louise She's right Papa; because she knows I know you're all wrong.

Pop I'm all wrong!

Joe (Sarcastically) No. You could'nt possibly be wrong.

Pop (Shouts) Halts Maul, du! I don' talk to you. I talk to Louisa.

Louise He's not so far from wrong there either. You seem to think, huzz because you're a father that entitles you to be right, whether you're right or wrong.

Pop So! Dose sneezers, vat you sh ould make dem do vat's right, der make you do vat's wrong, ha?

Louise It's only wrong in your narrow way of th inking, Papa. Every other boy of Joe's age goes to a gym, but you won't let him go, simply because you won't even let him explain to you what it is.

Pop I know vat it is. He don' gotta explain. I know only loafers go in der chym. I don' want no loafers in my family.

Louise All right. You know that only loafers go to a gym. Would he be a loafer if he kept that little dog?

Pop Vat's dis here? A chudge mit a chury?

Joe That's not a bad idea, Pop. We three are the jury. Now we are going to bring in the verdict.

Louise Let us---

Joe All right. You, then.

Louise The verdict is: you're all wrong, because you won't live up with ^{the} times.--You're still the man of yesterday.

Pop I'm still the man from yesterday. I don' understand dat. You gotta explain dat to me.

Joe I'll explain it to you, Pop.--Years ago, we burned candles for light, did'nt we?

Pop Ya.

Joe Then we got lamps. You did'nt burn candles after once you got lamps, did you? Then we got gas.--You put aside the lamp when you got gas; and when we got the electric you gave up the gas.--That's keeping up with the times.

Pop Well I tell you someting. Lamps vas bedder vee kendles, en gas bedder vee lamps, en 'lectric is sure bedder vee gas.--only der boys en der girls from to-day dey ain't no bedder vee yesterday. Dey get yet a dam aight voister all der time.--(In tone of disgust) Der boys from to-day! Vee got a lot o' George Vashingtons to-day, ha? Vee got a lot o' Abraham Lincolns to-d-y? Dey vas fellers from yesterday, en dey did'nt hev no chynasuns neider, en dogs. Maybe dey had a dog. Vell, dat den' make it I gotta hev a dog. in my house.--Go, take him out.--Take him out right, er vay.

Joe Ah, Pop, please!

Louise Papa, let him keep the little dog.

Pop (Shouts) I said out mit der dog. Out!

Episode 8.

Joe (Calls in) You're cooking Sour crout again?

Louise Yes. You know how Papa likes it. I got to make it for him once in a while.

Joe (Coming in) Gee, it stinks up the whole place.

Louise You like cauli flower, and I cook it for you. That don't smell like rose petals either.

Joe Well, it don't smell like this.- Phew! Gee, let's open a window. What's that shade down for?

Louise I didn't notice it was down. Go, pull it up.--(Shade goes up with a bang)--- You pulled it up. Look wh ere the cord is! All twisted around the shade. I'll never be able to get it down now without getting up on the ~~ladder~~ ladder.

Joe Oh, don't cry about it. I'll fix it.

Louise Here! What's the matter with you? Do you think I'm gonna let you stand on that painted chair? Wait a minute! I'll get the chair-ladder.

Joe I don't need your old chair ladder.

Louise (Shouts) Joe, Joe, you can't stand on the edge of the gas stove. It'll break off and-----

Joe Oh, for Heaven's sake, stop raving, will you? I'll have this fixed in a minute.

Louise (Cries out) Joe! That's just a thin piece of sheet iron hooked on the end of the stove. If it breaks off---For Heaven's sake, Joe, will you come down ?----(Crash)-----Oh, my God!-----

Joe Well, I'm down, ain't I?

Louise

Louise Yes, and you came near going all the way down to the street through the window. Are you hurt?

Joe (Drawls) Well, I think I'll be eating my meals standing up for the next few days.

Louise Serves you right. It was coming to you.--All I have to do is to tell you to do a thing or not to do it, and you do just as you please.

Joe The way you talk you'd think everything I do was wrong.

Louise Well, if you can show me a few things you've done right---Grea Heavens, look at this! You broke the whole top grate on the stove beside the end piece! What Pop say when he sees this?

Joe He won't see it.

Louise What do you mean? He won't see it? He isn't blind.

Joe You'll find some way to cover it or put it to-gether; and if you can't do that--I suppose by hook or crook you'll keep him away from the stove till I can get over to the gas company and buy a new top and end piece.

Louise That's your trouble! You know, no matter what you do, I'll get you out of it.---(Decidedly)---But you take my word for it now, this is going to be the last thing I'm going to cover up for you. I'm fed up with----- (Bell rings)

Joe I'll open the door.---Well, I'll be---What's he doing here, Betty

Betty (From hall) None o' your business. Who am you to say that to me?

Joe Who am I? I'll show you!--Get out of here, Jim Jergen, or I'll--

Betty (Goes out) Louise! Oh, Louise, come here!

Louise (From hall) Joe, apologize to Mr Jergen.

Joe Apologize? To him?

Louise I'm ashamed of you, Joe.--Betty, bring your friend into the living room.

Betty Thanks, Lou.--Come in, Jim.

Louise Push the button, Betty. You know, strangers always stumble over those rugs.---(Talking from kitchen) I'll be right in, Betty.-- Joe, clean up this mess here. try to fix up the gas stove so Pop don't notice it.

Joe Say, never mind the gas stove now. What's the matter with you anyway? Don't you know what's going to happen when Pop finds out he was here?

Louise Maybe he won't find out, and maybe---You just fix this up here. I'll--I'll take care of---

Joe Louise, you're biting off more than you'll be able to swallow---

Louise (Going into living room) I'll take my chances.

Betty Louise--Louise, meet my fiance.

Louise Your--your--well-- I--I suppose--I--I should congratulate you, but--but really, Mr--er-----

Joe Say, look here, Jim jergen! You know you're wanted here. If you are half a man you'll get out--and save us a lot o' trouble.

Jim I'm man enough to show you I am taking your insults for two reasons. First, because I'm in the presence of two ladies, second, because--well, it won't be very long before you will apologize for every insulting word you said to me.

Joe Say, that highfalutin' talk of yours captures your women for you, not men.

Betty Louise, are you gonna let him get away with that?

Louise Joe, I didn't go to college, but I know it is very taste to

insult any one in your own home.

Joe Yes. I knew that too, long before I went to college; but circumstances alter cases, and in this case the bad taste is going to be all in our mouths, if you don't bust this thing up between those two before it goes any further.

Jim Just a minute, Joe Schultz! What do you know about me that gives you the right to say what you just said?

Joe Plenty!

Jim Just the word: plenty, isn't enough. Now, I want you to tell your susters, here in my presence, just what that plenty is.

Joe Well, first of all you're living off a poor widow---

Louise (Gries out) Joe, will you---

Jim That's all right, Miss Schultz, that's just what I wanted to hear.--I see. You all heard I'm not paying my room rent. --I wonder that none of you ever stopped to think, the easiest way to get rid of a non-paying boarder is to tell him to get out.

Louise Mrs Fensterblau is a very soft hearted woman.

Jim (Sarcasically) Very. So soft hearted that she is holding jewelry of mine that's worth five times what I owe her, until I can pay my debts.

Joe Oh, yeah? Go tell that to the marines.

Louise Now, you said about enough, Joe. Get out of here before I---

Joe Before you nothing ! I'm staying right here. I can see how he got you won over with his gift of gab; but he don't get me, and you know he'll never get Pop.

Jim Now see here, Joe Schultz! I've listened to about all I'm going to take from you. You'll listen to a few things I've got to say now. Suppose you lost your father like I lost mine

when I was going to college like you're doing now? What would you do?

Joe What would I do? I'd get out and work.

Jim You would? Well, so would I, if I could get work.

Louise The whole situation is a deplorable one. There's really no way out. You see, Mr Jergen, my father is a --well, ge--he's a little bit oldfashioned. Very likely, if you ever meet him, you'll even think he's a tyrant; but he is'nt. He is the best, t the most self sacrificing father in the world. Yet, I'm afraid your path to the altar with Betty will be all thorns and no roses. My father will never consent, and I don't think Betty will marry you without it.

Betty (In tearful tone) I can see you'd help me if you could--but you'll try--you'll try, won't you, Louise? Oh, please, please,

Louise Yes. I will. I'll try MY VERY BEST.

(Door is heard closing with a bang)

Joe (Horrified) Gee, it's Pop.

Pop (Breathing heavily) Ver--ver is he?

Joe (From hall) What's all the excitement? Where's who?

Pop Lemme go! I gonna get in--I gonna kill him. He's gonna come yet in mine house--dat--dat--

Joe (Calls from hall) Louise, come on out here, --Pop, cool down a little bit, will you? Who told you he was here?

Pop (In excited tone) Fritz Fritz toll me. He saw Betty and him go up in dr house--en I wanted to see for mineself---En you, Louisa, you--you promise your Mama you gonna look out for der children, en you let him in.

Louise Yes. I would'nt throw even a dog out of my house, and I wanted

to see for myself---

Pop (Raging) Oh, you wanted to see? Vell, now I gonna see too.--Lemme go, Choe--or I shlag you ven--(Shouts) Lemme go in, lemme go in you hear me?--(Going through hall to living room) I show him, he's gonna come yet---

Betty Papa, Papa, please don't make me feel ashamed of you.

Pop Vat! You gonna tell me I should'nt---well, I gonna show you, you-

Louise (Shouts) Pop, if you lay a hand on her I'll--I'll leave the house this minute and take her with me.

Pop (Stunned) Gott in Himmel! I should live to hear dat from you. (A sob in his voice) Louisa, --you--you--no--no- it kent be. someting--someting moost be der medder mit--mit mine head.

Louise (A sob in her voice) Papa, Papa dear. I--I didn't mean to hurt you. I'd sooner hurt mys lf.--Oh, if we could only make you understand! If you would only let us help you to understand!

Pop I should let you en Betty en Choe ~~en~~ ~~undarkhand~~ help me to understand! I would be to-day noting if I did'nt listen to my Papa. En you all--gonna be noting ven you don' listen to your Papa. I--I--don' want noting for mineself---I want evryting good for yoy. I want, ven der time comes I should go en meet your Mama---ven all mine volk here in dis world vill be done---I vanna feel I done vork so long en so hard for mine shildren,--en den den dey're gonna hev it----no good.

Jim By that, Mr Schultz, you mean, if Betty marries me-----

Pop (Shouts) It vill be no good.

Jim How do you know?

Pop Because I know you are no good.

Betty (Gries out) Papa! I won't stand for this. I tell you I won't.

Pop You tink you could bring him op in mine house en I gonna stand for it?

Jim I thought, perhaps you'd give me a chance to explain.

Pop Explain? Vat you got to explain?

Jim That I am not the sort of man you think I am.

Pop Vell, I don' got to tink you don' verk. I know dat.

Jim If that's all you got against me---It's not a crime or disgrace to be out of work, is it?

Pop Yes. It is. It's a crime to take a nice young girl--she's only yet a child--en you make her head crazy mit loff business.--En it is a disgrace for a strong healthy man like you to liff by a widow woman six months already--en not pay her von penny rent.

Jim I explained that to your daughter, Mr Schultz.

Pop For mine daughter you ken explain, but for me?---Choe, go, open der door for him; en to me he don' gotta say no good-bye, because I dan' say no hello to him.

Louise Papa, I think you are making a mistake.

Joe I think so too.

Betty And I know he's making a great mistake. Some day, and it won't be vry far off either, Papa will apologize to Jim for this.--Come on, Jim. Let's go.

Pop Vat you mean, let's go? You don' go out from hew mit him.

Betty (In determined tone) I'm going with him.

Pop (In determined tone) You gonna stay right here.

Betty Now, look here, Pop. The sooner you realise I'm no longer a baby the better.--I'm going now with Jim.

Pop (Horrified) You--you---Louise you hear vat she say?

Louise Betty Dear! Oh, for God's sake, darling, don't--don't do this.

Betty I'm going, Louise. I can't stand any more.

Jim Betty, your father is all wrong about me--and I hope it won't be very long before I can prove it to him, but with you? Well, your place is here with your people, until I am in position to take proper care of you.---I can find the door.--No one need open it for me.--Good bye.----- (Door closes)

Louise Where you running, Papa?

Pop (From hall, shouts) Mr Chim! Chim, come beck. Please, I like to speak mit you.--Come beck.--Come beck.

Curtain.